

# Good Morning 249

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## YOUR "INNER MAN" WILL BE OKAY—L/S W. H. DAVIS

SENDING you her best love, Leading Stoker W. H. Davis, is Miss Iris Hann.

She told us of your three attempts to get married.

The fourth, she hopes, will be lucky. Anyway, she is keeping arrangements up to date, and (equally important!) she is taking cooking lessons from her mother.

Here are a host of messages from some of the folk at home: Leslie, in the R.A.M.C. in the Middle East, sends regards, and hopes to exchange pints and yarns one day. Albert, from his hospital bed, where he is making rapid progress, says take care of yourself and be sure to look him up when you get home.

Alma, newly promoted Sergeant in the Provost Corps, says you had better be properly dressed when you pass her way or she will put you on a charge!

A reminder about new feet comes from Gladys, who says that will amuse you.

Charlie, who is now a Sergeant, looked in the other day and asked after you.

Ernie, still on munitions, tells you to keep smiling, and ten-year-old Sylvia, who was working on homework when we called, wants you to get home so she can try her newly acquired geography knowledge on you.

Last message sends fondest love and is signed "Iris."

## I GET AROUND

Ron Richards'

COLUMN

NOT the least enthusiastic of the post-war planners are prominent Jockey Club members!

Senior Steward Lord Sefton tells me that palatial race-tracks will be the first step, if recommendations of his Reorganisation Committee's report are accepted.

Looking back a century to the day when a sailor took over turf leadership, I suppose steady, if not remarkable, progress has been made in the sport of kings.

At Henham Hall, Suffolk, in 1795 there was born a son to Sir John Rous (later Earl of Stradbroke), and the Hon. Henry John left Westminster School to become a snottie on the "Repulse." He fought in the Flushing Expedition, Venice and Ancona. In 1835, when commanding "Pique," a frigate of 36 guns, he brought her to Newfoundland, leaking and without a rudder.

Retiring a Vice-Admiral—he had already whetted his appetite for racing whenever chance came his way—he was elected a Steward of the Jockey Club in 1838; from then until his death in 1877 he maintained autocratic control of Turf affairs.

The forceful personality of the Admiral was soon in evidence; he formulated the Scale of Weight-for-Age, as we now know it, and as a handicapper he has never been equalled; he was a terror to racing rogues, and seldom failed to spot the tricks of the organised gangs.

All racing men respect the memory of Admiral Rous; there is a souvenir of his exploit on "Pique" in a painting of the ship hanging in the Jockey Club rooms at Newmarket to-day.

RECENT references to the opening of the railway to Falmouth eighty years ago have aroused a deal of discussion about early railway enterprises in Cornwall.

It is often assumed that the county was without a line until the Albert Bridge was constructed across the Tamar and Truro was connected by railway with Plymouth, and consequently to the whole of the lines of the country, in May, 1859. But about twenty years before that event there was railway communication between Hayle and Redruth.

In 1852 Penzance was linked with the new method of travel and there was easy access between "the westernmost borough" and Truro. No section of line in Cornwall cost as much per mile as that between Truro and Falmouth. The distance was less than twelve miles, but there were eight viaducts and two tunnels.

LIEUT. JOHN ALAN COWLEY, serving in H.M. Submarines, is the younger son of Deemster William Percy Cowley, who holds one of the most interesting legal appointments under the Crown.

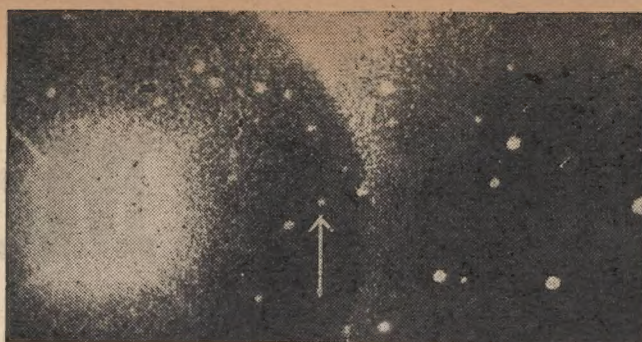
Deemster Cowley is a judge of the High Court of the Isle of Man. The term "judge" hardly does justice to the duties—official and otherwise—which fall to the lot of a Manx Deemster. Besides being the presiding judge at the Manx Assizes and in the Admiralty, Divorce, Petty and Superior Courts, Deemster Cowley is also Chairman of the Manx War Committee, a body which practically runs the affairs of Manxland during the war; he is head of the Lieutenant-Governor's Agricultural Advisory Committee and chairman of practically every committee of importance in the Isle of Man.

In Manxland, the judges—there are two of them—are also legislators, and sit next to the Lieutenant-Governor in the Tynwald Court. There might be objections to judges helping to make the laws they have to administer, but there is also a decided advantage in it, for they are in daily touch with the actual problems and needs of the people as revealed in the law courts.

DEEMSTER COWLEY is a genial and popular Manxman and wields his considerable powers wisely. Old Manx folk go to him for advice, which is always freely given; younger islanders starting out in the world never look to him for friendly help and guidance in vain.

He is an old naval man himself; in the last war the Deemster served as Paymaster-Lieutenant-Commander in the R.N. His other son, Flying Officer Denis Cowley, was taken prisoner after being wounded and crashing in the sea when piloting a Spitfire.

Lieut. Alan Cowley, before transferring to the Submarine Service, was the youngest commander in his flotilla of coastal patrol boats, and as such had



"A Ninth Planet" is shown near Delta Geminorum.

A LARGE crater that appeared recently in a U.S. farm, many thousands of miles from the nearest battle-front, is believed to have been made by the impact of a meteor.

The explosion shook houses over a considerable area of Texas, but no material damage appears to have been done.

Such good fortune could hardly be hoped for if a large meteor happened to fall on a town. The largest of these missiles from space are many times the size of the largest R.A.F. block-buster, and although they contain no explosive, the impact at the great speed results in disintegration with explosive force.

Fortunately, up to the present all the largest meteors which have hit the earth have struck in comparatively remote and uninhabited areas.

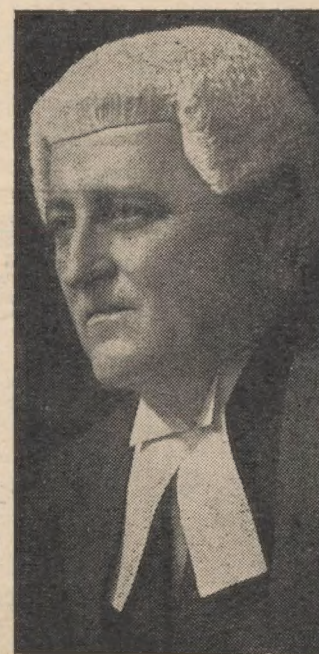
20,000,000 DAILY. ACCORDING to experts, 20,000,000 meteors observable with the naked eye enter the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours. The vast majority are immediately consumed by the great heat generated by friction. Only a very few survive the long passage through the air and hit the ground.

The mathematical chances of being hit by a meteor are exceedingly small, although Flammarion, the great French astronomer, collected forty instances of personal injury by meteors in the course of two centuries which he considered well authenticated.

In 1937, two men working at Watford were taken unconscious to hospital when the yard in which they were working at Watford received a direct hit from a small meteorite. (The scientists call it a meteor in the air, a meteorite when it strikes the earth.) The year before, an aeroplane piloted by Mr. J. M. Woods, of Perth, had a "near miss" from a meteor, and raised the question whether any of the aircraft which have disappeared without trace met their end through being hit by a meteor.

200-TONNER. BUT these were trifling affairs compared with the devastation caused by a meteorite of moderate size, say, 50 to

many hazardous encounters in the North Sea and English Channel.



# NATURE HAS GOT BIGGEST BLOCK-BUSTERS

200 tons. In 1936 one fell in Southern Spain, uprooting more than 200 trees and splitting open great rocks in its path. The noise it made was described as "like thunder."

In the following year a large meteor passed over the head of an expedition in British Guiana led by Dr. Terry Holden. It plunged into the jungle, ploughing a path through the trees thirty miles long before exploding, and so terrified the porters of the expedition that it was with the greatest difficulty that they were persuaded to go on.

There have been several ac-

The Cunard liner, "Campania," on one occasion had a "near miss" when a considerable meteor fell only 300 yards from it in the Atlantic. Other ships have been sunk. The best authenticated case seems to be that of the "Eclipse" in 1908. While sailing from Newcastle to San Francisco she was holed by a small meteor and sank after being abandoned.

WORLD ESCAPE. THE narrowest escape the world has had in recent years was on June 30th, 1908, when a gigantic meteor struck it. Fortunately the meteor



The "Black Horse" in Orion—a mysterious body believed to be debris of a past world.

counts in recent years of large meteors plunging into the sea or exploding in the air before hitting the earth. One passed over Lisbon at a low height and plunged into the Atlantic.

Another over Massachusetts exploded at a height of 15 miles, and scientists stated that the State had narrowly escaped what might have been a catastrophe.

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

When you say "Dead as the Dodo" you refer to a bird that flourished in Mauritius some 250 years ago. The British Museum has the only known portrait of a Dodo; it looks something like a duck crossed with a chicken.

The printer's character "&" is called an ampersand, a corruption of "and per se," meaning "and by itself."

War communiques sometimes speak of "decimating the enemy," but to decimate really means to kill every tenth man, and not to wipe them all out.

Khaki is an Hindustani word meaning muddy. During the Indian Mutiny, Colonel Lumsden told his Corps of Guides to darken their white tropical kit by rubbing it in the khak, or mud, and their stained uniforms became known as khaki.

There was no regular uniform for sailors before 1857.

A centipede has only 15 pairs of legs, not 100.

Stalin means "man of steel." Joseph Stalin's real name is Dzhugashvili.

struck in one of the most desolate areas of Siberia.

If it had hit nearer any point of civilisation the damage might have been tremendous.

The explosion, which lasted five minutes, was detected by seismographs 3,000 miles away, was said to have been heard at 300 miles, and knocked men down many miles away. Fine dust from the explosion was seen over London. Over 1,000 reindeer were found in the forest, killed by shock or blast. Trees over a great area were destroyed.

Because of the remoteness of the spot where the meteor struck—700 miles north of Lake Baikal—the craters had not been fully explored when war broke out, and a Soviet scientific expedition to the spot had to be recalled. The weight of the meteor is estimated at 150 tons, but as it broke into many fragments this is only a guess. The main crater is like a valley which has been scooped out of the earth by some giant excavator.

## GREATEST EVER.

THE greatest meteorite to hit the earth was probably that which left the crater 600 feet across still visible in the Arizona Desert. Estimates of its size vary as much as estimates of the date when it fell.

Some place it at 1,000 years ago, others as falling in prehistoric days. Some suggest that the crater was produced largely by the explosion and that the meteor was shattered into thousands of fragments—hundreds have been picked up in the neighbourhood.

Others say that buried at 1,500 to 2,000 feet below the surface is a mass of iron and nickel 300 to 1,000 feet in diameter. Attempts have even been made to mine this metal.

What is certain is that if a similar missile should ever strike a big city it would be blotted out. Fortunately, scientists assure us that the chances of this happening are one in several score billion.

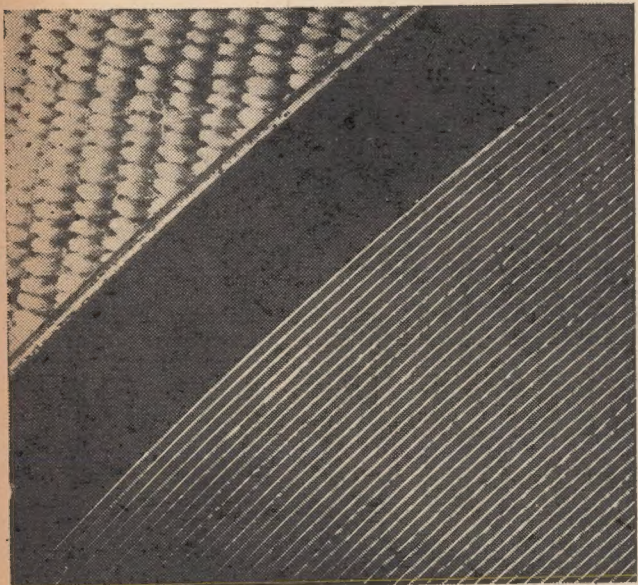


# PART III—DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

## The scream came Moskoe-ström

By Edgar Allan Poe

### TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



### WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 248: Feather.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Drop that at once, you fool! You'll strain yourself!"

I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

Ruskin, on Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold."

Children with Hyacinth's temperament don't know better as they grow older; they merely know more.

Saki (1870-1916.)

### JANE



late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock p.m., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack-water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason

to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-coloured cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments.

"How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my own part, as soon as I had let the foresail run I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I

say, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was 'overboard'; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-ström!'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that'; but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship."

(To be continued)

The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go she went.

Saki (1870-1916.)

But, good gracious, you've got to educate him first! You can't expect a boy to be depraved until he's been to a good school.

Saki (1870-1916.)

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter can be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a builder.

John Ruskin.

### QUIZ for today

1. An apiarist is a musician, astrologer, bee-keeper, magician, trainer of performing monkeys?
2. Who wrote (a) The Light of the World, (b) The Light that Failed?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Colossians, Titus, Haggai, Jude, Galatians, Philemon.
4. On what river does Worcester stand?
5. Who lives at No. 11, Downing Street?
6. On what date is Eton's Celebration Day?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Odour, Lucious, Pageant, Emphasis, Phlegm, Humourous.
8. Is pure ammonia a solid, liquid or gas?
9. Under what name did the Rev. C. W. Gordon write his adventure books?
10. What must you do well to win Doggett's Coat and Badge?
11. What is the capital of the Sudan?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) All my eye and —, (b) To play second —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 248

1. Part of a church.
2. (a) Walt Whitman, (b) Kipling.
3. Strawberry bears seeds outside; others inside.
4. 93 million miles.
5. Actor or actress.
6. 84.
7. 50 miles.
8. 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit.
9. 500,870,000.
10. Managua.
11. (a) To a star, (b) And hang him.

### CROSSWORD CORNER

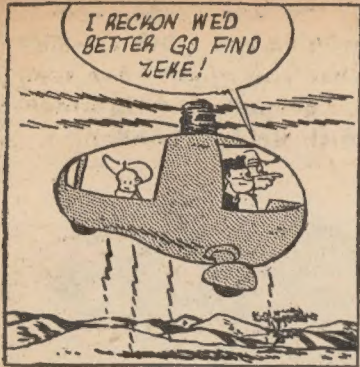
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- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Surfeit, 2 Merriment, 3 Nebraska town, 4 Pronoun, 5 Headland, 6 Hlatus, 7 Plea of absence, 8 Wrinkled, 9 Communication, 14 Corn-grinders, 16 Hoarse, 18 Weary by excess, 21 Liquid measure, 22 Neat, 25 Musically slow, 26 Vassal, 28 Jewelled headwear, 29 Fragment, 31 Grievous, 32 Border, 34 Sailor, 38 Abbreviated copy.
  - 10 Object, 11 Drink, 12 Recline, 13 Vehicle, 15 Run, 17 Moral principles, 19 Countenance, 20 Large room, 21 Lead, 23 Reasoning, 24 Narrow street, 27 A great deal, 30 Brace, 31 Rinse with water, 33 Musically quick, 35 Precious stone, 36 Item of food, 37 Limb, 39 Frayed material, 40 Deer, 41 Reform.

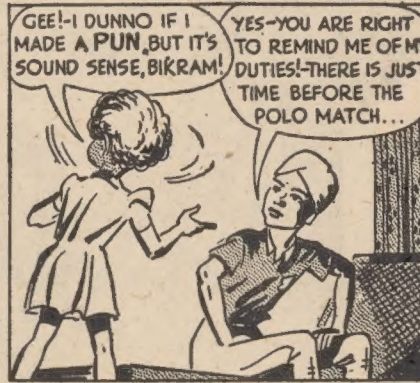
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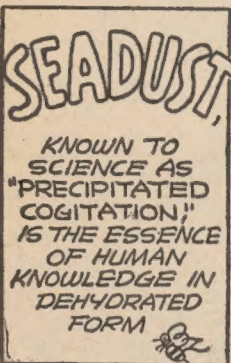
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



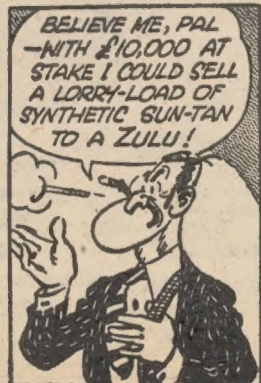
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# CEREMONIOUS?

Here's Why

## ENTHRONING THE BOY BISHOP

ON the eve of the Feast of St. Nicholas, patron saint of children and the original Santa Claus, it is the custom in certain churches to enthrone one of the young choristers as Boy Bishop.

He is robed with a coat of gold, with mitre and crozier. He chooses his own chaplain and deacons, and other choristers assume the dignity of canons.

He may hold office for a day, or—as at Moorfields, Bristol—for a whole year.

Voting by the children for a new Boy Bishop is recorded in secret, and the papers placed on the altar.

Henry VIII abolished this mediæval ceremony, and only in the past ten years has it been generally revived.

Salisbury Cathedral revived the custom in 1936.

In the Middle Ages the little Bishop sat on the Bishop's throne; his companions occupied the canons' stalls in the choir, while the canons themselves humbly sat in the boys' seats.

In the procession the canons walked in front as if they were choristers, and were followed by the boys. Behind them all walked the Bishops' Bishop, or Bishop of the Innocents, with his chaplains.



In 1937 a Boy Bishop was enthroned in Dick Whittington's old church of St. Michael's Royal, College Hill, London, by pupils of the Rev. Morse-Boycott's Song School of St. Mary-of-the-Angels.

After Christmas the Boy Bishop is whipped out of office by his fellow scholars.

He is first robed in his beautiful vestments, and these are taken off piece by piece to the accompaniment of singing.

Then he is clothed in sackcloth, with ashes on his head, and each boy takes a hand in the ceremonial whipping with a whip made of coloured ribbons.

When his humiliation is complete, the ex-Boy Bishop is given a morsel of bread and a thimble of wine.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.



"Absolutely frozen up, you see. We can't have a bath in it like that, can we?"

"No, and if we could, lady, we ain't going to!"

Answers to Mixed Doubles on Page 3 in No. 248.

(a) CORPULENT & FAT.  
(b) LARGE & TINY.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## GETTING A KICK OUT OF LIFE

Or, maybe, putting a kick into it! Whichever way it is, we envy the spirit of youthful exuberance so typically illustrated. Even at OUR age we may feel like this when Peace is declared. We may feel like anything THEN!

## This England

It may be any river, and it may even be you; but actually it is what you might have seen had you peeped over Hammer-smith Bridge, London.



"Come, come! Either take this bit out of my mouth, or pour the beastly stuff down my throat, but don't leave me like this!"



Has the  
"All Clear"  
gone yet?



"Well, now, here I am in the basket; but I can't make head or tail of things! Anyway, I'm going to have a big look round while I'm here. This is a new world to me."



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You can't fox me, kid."

